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THE SHORE OF ETERNITY.

FREDERIC W. FABER.

Alone! to land alone upon that shore!
 With no one sight that we have seen before,—
 Things of a different hue,
 And the sounds all new,
 And fragrances so sweet the soul may faint.
 Alone! Oh that first hour of being a saint!

Alone! to land alone upon that shore!
 On which no wavelets lisp, no billows roar,
 Perhaps no shape of ground,
 Perhaps no sight or sound,
 No forms of earth our fancies to arrange,—
 But to begin alone that mighty change!

Alone! to land alone upon that shore!
 Knowing so well we can return no more:
 No voice or face of friend,
 None with us to attend
 Our disembarking on that awful strand,
 But to arrive alone in such a land!

Alone! to land alone upon that shore:
 To begin alone to live for evermore,
 To have no one to teach
 The manners or the speech
 Of that new life, or put us at our ease: —
 Oh that we might die in pairs or companies!

Alone? No! God hath been there long before,
 Eternally hath waited on that shore
 For us who were to come
 To our eternal home;
 And He hath taught His angels to prepare
 In what way we are to be welcomed there.

Like one that waits and watches He hath sate,
 As if there were none else for whom to wait,
 Waiting for us, for us
 Who keep Him waiting thus,
 And who bring less to satisfy His love
 Than any other of the souls above.

Alone? The God we know is on that shore.
 The God of whose attractions we know more
 Than of those who may appear
 Nearest and dearest here:
 Oh is He not the life-long friend we know
 More privately than any friend below?

Alone? The God we trust is on that shore,
 The faithful One whom we have trusted more
 In trials and in woes
 Than we have trusted those
 On whom we leaned most in our earthly strife,—
 Oh we shall trust Him more in that new life!

Alone? The God we love is on that shore,
 Love not enough, yet whom we love far more,
 And whom we've loved all through,
 And with a love more true
 Than other loves,—yet now shall love Him more: —
 True love of Him begins upon that shore!

So not alone we land upon that shore:
 'Twill be as though we had been there before;
 We shall meet more we know
 Than we can meet below,
 And find our rest like some returning dove,
 And be at home at once with our Eternal Love!

The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handy-work.—*Ps. xix. 1.*

THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S INTEREST IN THE PEACE CONFERENCE AT ROME.

Here is an echo from over the sea which cannot fail to quicken hope in the breasts of peace-lovers the world over. We read that at a dinner, given in Berlin by Chancellor Caprivi, Feb. 5, "which was honored by the presence of the Emperor, among the invited guests was Deputy Baumbach, who attended the recent peace conference at Rome. The Emperor engaged him in conversation about the conference and listened to the details with close attention. At the close he thanked Herr Baumbach warmly for his clear and instructive report of the proceedings and declares that he has followed the movement with great interest."

We hope that the Chancellor himself heard the talk mentioned, and profited by his Majesty's example.

WHAT MAKES POVERTY?

The world groans with the burdens of poverty. Why is poverty so prevalent and biting? We suggest these answers:

1. Is rum the cause? 2. Or licentiousness? 3. Or militarism?

Our people are shocked during their travels in Europe by the sight of women laboring in the fields. They marvel likewise in the towns at other poor women pulling vehicles through the streets, sometimes harnessed with dogs. Have these hateful spectacles any connection with the fifteen or twenty million men who are in arms in Europe? Do the monarchs and nobles foot the military bills? Or do some of the common people find it necessary to work to pay the board of these millions of able-bodied men, and their salaries to buy their costly weapons, build and maintain ships, forts, cannon? If poverty is less prevalent in America—happiest nation in a happy hemisphere where, as Joseph Cook says, is now no slave and no king—is it not partly because we have no great army to clothe, feed, equip and pay?

—While the Chilian question was in suspense, we read in one paper that the men of the U. S. S. *Baltimore* were "wild to avenge the death of their two comrades." Another journal gaily spoke of the soldiers of our army as eager for war, and coveting "the glittering prizes of promotion that dance before their imagination." Of a large part of our army we believe such talk is utterly untrue. Our best soldiers, like our best citizens, believe that the army exists to prevent, rather than to promote, violence.

He shall have dominion also from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth.—*Ps. lxxii. 8.*